ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

Photoplay in 9 reels

Story by Major Geoffrey Moss

Directed by D. W. Griffith

Author of the photoplay (under section 62)
D. W. Griffith, Inc. of U.S.

MAR 23 1925

Washington, D. C.

Register of Copyrights
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I herewith respectfully request the return of the following named motion picture films deposited by me for registration of copyright in the name of D. W. Griffith Inc

Isn't Life Wonderful - 9 reels

Respectfully,

FULTON BRYLAWSKI

The D.W. Griffith Inc.
hereby acknowledges the receipt of two copies each of the motion picture films deposited and registered in the Copyright Office as follows:

Title	Date of Deposit	Registration
Isn't Life "onderful	3-21-25	©CLL 21265

The return of the above copies was requested by the said Company, by its agent and attorney on the 21st day of March,1925 and the said Fulton Brylawski for himself, and as the duly authorized agent and attorney of the said Company, hereby acknowledges the delivery to him of said copies, and the receipt thereof.

MAR 24 1925

Fulton Brylawski

Advance Stories—Cast and Synopsis

Griffith Again Upsets All Precedents

It would seem that all there could be to know about the technique of the motion picture is known; that every conceivable method, every imaginable trick of the camera had been tried; that the best the future could bring in the way of novelty would be some sort of a new tale to depict.

Now along comes David Wark Griffith and upsets all this. The man who made the first "feature" picture, and is credited with the invention of every standby of the movie director from the "close-up" to the "revert-back," who, in consequence, is the model followed by other directors has just finished a picture which, in its way, is as different, as revolutionary as "The Birth of A Nation" was in the period it was made.

In "Isn't Life Wonderful?" which comes to the ..... Theater, Griffith has established the value of an entirely new technique. This new technique consists of throwing practically everything that has been considered technique into the waste-basket, and replacing theatrical effect by naturalness.

In his new picture Griffith might be said to have adopted the realistic method of art and literature to the screen. The tale is told with a directness almost startling, and the feat is all the more amazing when one considers that he is dealing with so slight a web in the way of plot that one hardly realizes there is a plot at all.

It was Griffith who taught the movie world that the plot's the thing. From "The Birth of A Nation," to "America," Griffith pictures have been plots with characters. Sometimes they were memorable characters, it is true, but always they were secondary to the plot.

Griffith told his screen tales in the manner of the romantic school, in the manner of a troubador singing fine verse to soft music. There was a Victorian adornment to his most simple stories. It was the method of a writer to whom fine writing and a strong story are of supreme importance, and the portrayal of character a very secondary matter. It was what his people did, not what they thought that seemed to matter.

Even in "Broken Blossoms," that brief, grim tragedy of Limehouse, Griffith could not tear himself away from a literary reaching for theatrical effect. Indeed, theatricality was inherent in Burke's tale. It was a brilliant unfolding of an absorbing plot rather than a delineation of character. It dealt with folk apart and far away from everyday life; with folk who interested because their emotions, their actions, their dress, their conventions, their life appeared strange to the mind of the ordinary citizen.

In "Isn't Life Wonderful," Griffith took a group of characters and an atmosphere and made a picture. Its plot can be summed up very briefly. There is so little of it that when one of Griffith's actors read Geoffrey Moss' charming little tale he couldn't find any plot at all, and declared it couldn't be made into a photoplay. And, indeed, the translation to the silversheet of this delicate love idyll is something of a miracle.

For Griffith faced and conquered the problem of making characters and atmosphere the thing, and plot very, very secondary. And to do this without words—and subtitles are few in "Isn't Life Wonderful,"—is no small achievement.

It is, of course, adapting to the screen the naturalistic method of literature and the stage. But to play a Eugene O'Neill drama, or a "What Price Glory?" without words is a height of pantomime which the silversheet has never before reached.

And for stark realism "Isn't Life Wonderful," may be compared to an O'Neill play, although the English army officer's gem is a comedy, and the American playwright sticks steadfastly to tragedy.

The theme is, of course, the inevitable one of love. In this case the love of two young people plunged, through no fault of their own, into the misery of starvation in after-the-war Germany. Screen technique demanded a theatrical maudlinism in the depiction of a war-stricken, hungry nation. But, as has been said, Griffith threw traditional screen technique into the waste-basket. He was building characters, not revealing a plot.

The love of this tragic pair of lovers never becomes screen love. There are no closeups registering burning kisses, fever-lit eyes, or wrestler-like embraces. The stroke of a hand, the flutter of an eyelash, tell the story.

During the action a meal is eaten. It is not a motion picture meal. Whether Griffith actually starved his actors for days in order to get them ready for this scene is something only Griffith and his actors know. But their ravenous hunger is grippingly real. That scene makes one hungry for potatoes and liberwurst—even if one doesn't like liberwurst.

"Isn't Life Wonderful" will undoubtedly start a new movement in picture-making. It opens up a vista of an entirely new type of story for the screen, and what is more important, of an entirely new treatment of screen stories. It makes the screen production of Joseph Conrad, of Hugh Walpole and other masters of the written word who deal with character rather than with plot come within the realms of possibility. Under the new regime even Walpole's "The Old Ladies"—that grim, almost plotless study of the tragedy of old age—may some day reach the screen.

Meantime Griffith has presented motion picture fans with a new meaning for that world-old word—"love."

Great Composers Write Movie Music

Louis Silvers, composer of "April Showers" and many other melodies, and Caesare Sudero, formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, arranged and composed the music for D. W. Griffith's great popular romance, "Isn't Life Wonderful."

Two of the most successful of the younger musical composers in New York, they have recently incorporated their talents into an institution to create music for the films.

Silvers is the master of the modern jazz; Sudero the accomplished musician with classical back-ground. So they supplement each other in providing music to interpret all the varied appeals which a film must contain. They stand ready to compose an entire score; or to compose only certain themes, adapting suitable airs for the other scenes; or to collect published music which may be most fitting to the story.

They are the first to enter seriously the business of making music for films, and now they are incorporated, with a constitution, officers and board of directors. Their first contract was with Mr. Griffith in the music for "Isn't Life Wonderful" which is considered by the music critics one of the finest ever arranged.

CAST

OF

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

ISN'T LIFE WONDERFUL

A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND POTATOES

Inga	Carol Dempster
Paul	Neil Hamilton
The Professor	Erville Alderson
The Grandmother	Helen Lowell
The Aunt	Marcia Harris
Theodor	Frank Puglia
Rudolph	Lupino Lane
Leader of Laborers	Hans von Schlettow
Laborers	Paul Rehkopf, Robert Scholz

The Synopsis

War has passed, leaving a long stream of refugees flooding from Poland into Germany, in search of food and shelter.

Inga, a little orphan girl is among the weary ones who march into Berlin, a long line of lame, halt, and blind, seeking rest, a place to sleep, a crust to eat. She comes with the family of an eccentric old professor. This family consists of Inga, the professor, the old grandmother, the professor's spinster sister, and his son Theodor. His other son, Paul, is still at the battlefront.

Inga and her companions take their place in the crowd of homeless ones who seek shelter. They eat their humble fare of a single potato, each hopeful that on the morrow rooms will be found for them. Despite the hardships which they have endured, they can find a smile when a strolling player among the refugees cuts an antic.

They are assigned to rooms, two rooms. One for the women and one for the men. By law each must be occupied by so many persons. The family of the professor has just the requisite number. They move into their new home. The professor takes a job correcting examination papers; Theodor secures work as a waiter in a night club; the old grandmother dreams of the old home they will never see again. And Inga of the day that Paul will return. A letter comes. It is from Paul. He is coming home. The boy reaches home shortly after the letter and greets Inga, his boyhood sweetheart and his family.

Inga and Paul set forth to find work, that they may do their share towards supporting the household. Inga gets work in a shop; Paul in a shipyard. The hard work is more of a strain than Paul can stand in his weak condition, after exposure at the front. He becomes ill.

The entire family give all their energy to nursing him back to he Inga grieves until she, too, is almost ill. She stints herself for dividing her meager meal of potatoes with the invalid that he may strength. But during his illness Paul realizes how deeply he and love each other. Convalescing, he and Inga discuss marriage.

Meantime, however, the value of the German mark has fallen ... and fam... alks through the land. It is impossible for the family to get food. Often they are reduced to a diet of turnips for days at a time. The old grandmother fails steadily on this unwholesome food.

Paul and Inga tell the family of their desire to marry. But they are laughed to scorn. They have no money, they are told. They can get no place to live, for the law will not permit a bride and groom to occupy quarters alone. They cannot save, for the mark falls so steadily that what they save one day is worthless paper the next.

Secretly Paul secures an allotment of land to grow potatoes, and tends his garden plot after working hours. Inga gets work in a second hand shop, mending chairs, in order to save for her dowry.

Good luck comes. A neighbor leaves a hen in Inga's care. The hen, taken daily by Inga to the common pasturing ground, provided by the government, lays eggs with which the strength of the old grandmother is nursed back to normal.

The potatoes flourish. Paul takes Inga into his secret, and shows her his garden. He also found time to construct a cottage, with her name inscribed above the door. It is a humble little shelter, but the sight of it throws Inga into ecstasy. For it means they can marry after all.

To complete their happiness, brother Theodor is given a roll of liverwurst by some American visitors to the night club.

Paul brings home a bag filled with potatoes; Theodor produces the precious liverwurst—the first meat the family have seen in weeks. Inga prepares the feast, to which even the hens have generously contributed a few eggs.

The professor, his old mother, and his sister, sit down gloomily expecting the usual fare of turnips. Paul produces a huge plate of boile potatoes; Theodor the liverwurst; Inga the eggs.

Joy radiates from every face. They cheer; they shout; they ravenously. For the first time in months they have not only food enc but food to spare. Inga summons the neighbors. They troop in partake of the feast. The whole house rings with joyous excitement.

The strolling player has brought his accordion. They hold an i... promptu dance, in which the entire family and all the neighbors take part.

Paul and Inga divulge the big secret of the evening. They have a little home prepared for themselves. Paul has a potato crop. They can get married at last.

Then the old grandmother, who from the first has outwardly opposed the marriage, divulges a secret, too. She has made over her wedding gown for Inga. The girl tries it on. Now surely the wedding will take place.

But in other homes there is no joy. Hungry workingmen walk the streets searching in vain for work. Their wives frequent garbage cans in search of crusts for food. Feeling against profiteers who control the food market, and against the rich employers runs high. Fifty murders are committed each day; hold-ups by workers seeking food are of hourly occurrence.

Paul and Inga take a wagon to harvest their potato crop. This will supply food for the family, and make their marriage possible. In the forest they are stopped by a group of laborers determined to seize food from smugglers who profiteer it. Their cart is searched and found empty. They go on their way. They reap their crop, and start back to their home by a different road.

Again they are stopped by hungry men out of work. Accused of being a profiteer Paul shows his workingman's card from the shipyard. Inga explains that they are depending on the potatoes to get married. The men are on the point of letting them go. But hunger is stronger than sympathy or pity. The men knock the young couple down, and steal the potatoes.

Inga and Paul return to consciousness. Inga creeps to the wagon. It is empty. Hans is disconsolate. How can they marry now? Where is the happy hope they have nurtured all these weary months?

But Inga cheers him. They still have each other, she points out, and no matter what happens, that alone makes life wonderful.

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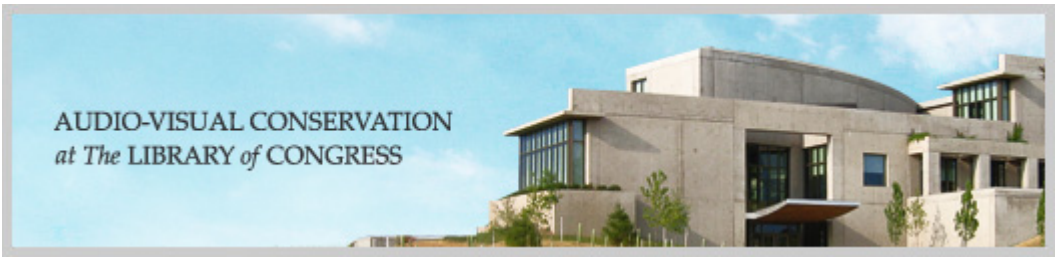

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